

Salvation Army Canada.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

MONITORED JUNE 1885

No. 35. Head-quarters, 15 Esther Street, Toronto, Can.

TORONTO, ONT. JUNE 27th 1885.

Mailed for one year for \$1.00. Price 3 13 15.

NO. XVII. "CHRISTIAN
FATIGUE."



General's Letter
TO THE
SOLDIERS
OF THE
ARMED FORCES
throughout the
WORLD.
- - -

My Dear Comrades,

I have been thinking lately about the opinion which many Christians people seem to entertain that the existing religious condition of things is according to the will of God, and that it cannot be altered or improved without the Divine interference, and that God does not interfere, because He does not care much to have things different. This is "fatalism," and leaves the responsibility of the sin, and vice and misery of mankind entirely with God. Wherever this spirit prevails, it must clip the wings of that energy so much needed in Salvation warfare. I fear least any of my comrades, should catch this infection, and not only be thereby damaged in the discharge of your self-sacrificing duties, but excuse yourselves with the doubtful notion I have just mentioned.

Fatalism, as most of my comrades know, is one of the distinctive features of Mahomedanism, and, more or less, of many other systems. It teaches that every event in human life was an arrangement of the Providence of God, that whatever happened might be taken therefore as an expression of the Divine will, and was consequently unavoidable, and that to fight against it was neither wise nor safe than flying in the face of the Almighty.

My dear friends, Christians would do this Fatalism—this doctrine that teaches that whatever is to be, will be—in relation to the events of everyday life, they would justify their conduct towards a dying world by the argument that the world is God's, and rebellious and impudent men cannot be altered; that they must wait God's time and interference before anything remarkable can be done to improve things.

Now this doctrine that God has His own way in this world is one that I totally deny, as you will not need me to tell you. It is a doctrine that where God no longer opposes the progress of evil; where sin, and the misery that ever follows in its train, will be permitted to have their own way. He will allow it to be so. He will not interfere. The Holy Ghost will not longer stand in opposition. Evil will reign supreme.

God will have His own way in Heaven, where, without exception, active, unceasing, right spirit God—opposes His decrees and willingly and directly work poverty, crime, vice, misery, death and perdition, and resolutely refuses to be turned away from the way they set themselves to do.

Fatalism is more common than for God to be defeated. The devil conquers and reigns. In fact, a man must be absolutely spiritual who does not see that the devil is indeed the author of all the ills of the world. Devil, we see every day, in every hour, how he and his servants plunder the poor, reduce the virtuous, deprive the little children, draw the righteous away from God, and in ten thousand forms pour their evil, depravity, and misery on the world.

Nothing is more common than for God to be defeated. The devil conquers and reigns. In fact, a man must be absolutely spiritual who does not see that the devil is indeed the author of all the ills of the world. Devil, we see every day, in every hour, how he and his servants plunder the poor, reduce the virtuous, deprive the little children, draw the righteous away from God, and in ten thousand forms pour their evil, depravity, and misery on the world.

No one can say that the Lord's will is done in this world. The contrary is evident to every eye. All Christians know what that will is, and yet this fatalism that we are describing not only excludes us from this helpful condition of things as a necessity, but with pious talk indirectly

attributes all this to God, and makes it to be a species of robbery that otherwise, and regards it as a strong wicked impudence to be restlessly fighting and resisting it with all possible might.

There is some difference, perhaps, between the Asiatic and Christian fatalism. By the former, unavoidable evil is temporal suffering, and death; by the latter, man esteems themselves to family, poverty, plague, and death; these things being considered as messengers from God; whereas Christians will fight these evils, and move Heaven and earth in the attempt to remove them. Devil, we see every day, Christians to oppose spiritual evil and destruction in the same way, and they will feel and set quite differently.

Thousands who would stand up and fight a fever among their cattle, scouting the idea that it is God who brings the fever, and the Devil who would be shocked at the very idea.

If they don't say that whatever is, is right in itself, God, in His infinite wisdom, will do it. And when you point them up to doing something desperate and to keep on doing it till they have conquered, going through floods of opposition and difficulties in the fight, they will look upon you as fighting against

When we see a soul saved it is no longer to us a victory on the part of God as for us the soul won goes; but if there is nobody saved do we not let it go in in monotony, phrasewise, that the Lord has been done and that things are all right.

If we cannot get money to run on the War, men to fight, and die for Jesus' name, or people who will let us to the Cross, then we have lost our souls in the ranks of a march under the colours, do not let us say that it is not the Lord's will that we should have the money or find the men, or keep the soldiers a right and good. "This is, if we fail in our duty, the greatest sin for us to do, and that our failure proves the Lord's will. It may just prove the contrary. God's will is always, and everywhere, that sin should be destroyed—that devil should be cast out of Heaven, and all men should be saved. If we fail then in our unfaithfulness of those about us, let us admit it and say that our failure is of the devil, and go to work and get things altered and mended.

A good general in any human war would not say in an hour of defeat, "Pray, General, is it agreeable to the cowardice of my troops, or their unfeeling manœuvres of the enemy, that this breakdown in my supplies, proves that it is the Lord's will that the foe should be victorious, and take possession of these fortifications and cover our arms and country with disgrace?"

I will resign my commission and go home to my wife and children, and try again. I will resign my commission and go home to my grateful country!"

No! ten thousand times no! Any gen-

eral in the long run can on his side; anyway, he will fight on while the war of fighting still continues.

My comrades, if we conquer, it is through the power of the great Jehovah, and if we are defeated, it is in company with Him; moreover, defeat must, in the very nature of things, be only temporary. Our love, our strength, our everything is in keeping on fighting.

Yours in the war,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

NEWCASTLE.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" Although the devil rages, still we are marching along. Hallelujah! The past week has been one of blessing, and one of desperate conflict with the devil. Sunday evenings we had grand meetings very good, but Saturday evenings we had great meetings especially some weeping in their feasts. We were reinforced by some Bowmanville Blood and Fire Soldiers, who did us good service. We had a great meeting on Saturday evening, the largest march I have seen in Newcastle. Some say here the Army is going down, yet so we are, to pick up poor sinners out of the gutter.

Lieut. Deever.

CREEMORE.

CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED OUT.

Hallelujah! they said the Army is going down, but what does this mean? 28 on the march, and they are all so happy.

Cobourg.

A STRAIGHT SHOT.

Pray God! we are alive and giving battle in the devil's. What do you think? I don't know. Why, Cobourg is going up!

Two souls and three wanderers returned

A great broad set men, half tippy,

said, "That he felt by the Spirit of God come into characks, and every soul that he met did him right in the heart; he felt the meaning was extremely for him. He was brought up with wealth and praying parents, but ran away from home (State of New York) and was left alone. He also had a praying wife, but now she is drinking beer, and she won't stay with him. He has been separated from her several years. For 15 years he has been connected with

Frank Robins' American Circus.

driving a band wagon, and other things connected with the devil's playing; but praise God! he has been converted. See our tour that he led him to the deepest Army armaments, for Jesus had shown him the light."

He has left the circus, and will go home to his wife, and trust God in the future.

Another one who had resisted the Spirit, though he could not get right, but as soon as he got on the narrow

A War Spirit Wanted.

That loss in the picture is in for a fight. And why not? Reason enough to make my one fight!

What a spirit of fight is all over the world now—days, China, Egypt, Russia, France, India, England, and other nations, seem "sparking for a fight." From the king to the coolie, everybody is talking about war.

That woman after the eagle with her eight is laying talk about war. She is into it with a vengeance.

Now we want a terrible War Spirit in the Salvation Army, and hope our comrades may all get where talk will be merged in the real battle.

Look again at that woman on the mount top. Study how the case fits you. Her war spirit is

Natural and Necessary.

It is in her very blood and bones to fight to rescue her child. And you, my comrades—if you have the blood of Jesus in your veins, will instinctively and naturally fight to rescue poor souls. You will love to fight the devil who is hurrying away poor souls to the devouring pit. That woman will

Fight without Cowing.

Oh what a pity that God's Soldiers have to be coaxed, bribed—yes, even threatened, to get them into the battle. I don't mind it, we will do what we can do to threaten—but don't you think the Holy Spirit does a deal of it? Does He often drive home to your hearts those warnings of God's Word, and then you go into ill battle, to the span-well, visiting, lecturing, War Cry selling, etc. Oh, what a terrible War Spirit! Yet a blessing. But would you not have a double blessing if you had rushed into the battle with a will, instead of being pressed into it?

Something at Stake.

Think of it. Her darling babe torn from her side as she worked in the fields. I suppose that as she rushed, writhed, crawled up those rocks, every breath and every pulse-beat said, "My child, my babe, my babe."

Oh! we need Soldiers, Officers who will cry out—geep out—Soul! Soul! Soul!!

Pierishing Souls must be saved!

Strike it out until sinners move, heaven moves, every-going Christians move—and the whole Army moves faster than ever to pluck the prey from the night.

The heroine in

Desperately Careless.

No taste for people call him crazy—no mind if they love him. No taste for money, but he loves better a Tonington wife who would be. What cares she if they eat out?

Heigh O! where are your shoes blind to reputation, is she? Ay, and far more ready to die.

But, what's the use of trying to explain it?

Oh! for an "Inspiration" to get hold of our dear couraors.

We have lately been drilled by reading of the desperate fanaticism of the soldiers of the world, who would rather die than hold their weapons in their hands, and their spears in their teeth, and crawled along to destroy their half dead enemies.

If you want a die-sounding religion, then you must keep up a live-fighting salvation. When Saul or Jesus was killed with the devil, he breathed out death, and when he died, he died for the Kingdom of Jesus. When killed with the spirit, he was equally fired with

Vengeance against the Devil.

Such Soldiers turn the world upside down, and help the "princes of this world" back to big papa.

At least about "bright crowns" and "bright victories" lay, and eye, but what about your sweet home?

Are you filled with that love for
poor perishing souls which
makes people desperate?



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Providence, and attempting the impossibilities.

My comrades, most of the existing conditions in the social, moral, political, and religious life of the world are the result of the devil's work. Devil, we see every day, in every hour, how he and his servants plunder the poor, reduce the virtuous, deprive the little children, draw the righteous away from God, and in ten thousand forms pour their evil, depravity, and misery on the world.

No one can say that the Lord's will is done in this world. The contrary is evident to every eye. All Christians know what that will is, and yet this fatalism that we are describing not only excludes us from this helpful condition of things as a necessity, but with pious talk indirectly

real with a proper spirit—such a spirit as his graceful country would approve would, while acknowledging to himself, at the same time, that he had a renewed energy, spend the night over his maps, make new plans, renew the fight again and again so long as he had a man to fight or a gun to fire, until he either conquered the enemy or lost the power to defend himself.

Just so with God's true Generals and Soldiers. Instead of rousing the losses they have had to suffer, by making them out to be part of the plan of God, they will aid the two evident truth that God has a plan, and that the Devil has a plan. He was in Eden, and as he has been too often since. But such a General will encourage himself in the assurance that nevertheless God is with him and that

they have got a salvation which cannot be frightened away. Jesus is the leader. Hallelujah! Monday, and all week, morning the power of God was felt, and

Our backsides kept His way back to Jesus. Hallelujah! Sunday afternoon grand march, and in the barracks the Lord came down mighty power, and

two souls came to the loving Savior, and He cleansed their hearts from sin and they went away rejoicing in a ring of victory. Sunday evening special farewell to the people of Creemore, and entrusted them to get ready for the great judgment day. Closed fire in body but happy in the Lord. Hallelujah!

Lieut. Wessells, Capt. H. Glidden, Capt. Wiggins and Wife, Lieut. Glidden.

St. Ann's.

We are having some good meetings in this little place. The people are beginning to feel their need of salvation. Glory be to God.

Sunday night good meetings, power of God, deep conviction, but best of all

Three Precious Souls

came into the penitent form for salvation.

Hallelujah!

Capt. Smith, Capt. Eaton and Symons.

Very nice to read about Deborah and Jael 3000 years ago, but the lost world needs Philistines fighters just as much now as it did then.

Do you know what it is to have a real headache for the perplexing world? "I" concretely, been in the body. God, we have great hardness and continual sorrow in your heart over the devil's captives?

Bitter in the mouth, but sweet in the soul is this.

Geithmane Cup.

State the truth— it's well loved mother, or father like our Jesus, you will gladly go to the jungle to earn the first

Did You send in any Subscribers for the WAR CRY?

GANANOQUE / GONE WHERE?

TO THE "COOLER" FOR PRESERVATION
DURING THE HOT WEATHER—JESUS
STILL PERSECUTED BY THE MOB—
OUR LATEST QUARTERS—
UNIQUE PARLORS AND
BEDROOMS.

On Wednesday our usually respectable village, received a flying visit from his Statute master's.

New Regiment

As the devil was lying a big time, we resolved not to be outside, but to go in for something that would be super.

Magnificent, Grandiloquent. Oh! something indescribable—in fact, so grand that words would fail to find to express it.

After asking the Lord to lead us on to victory, we flew out of our hall, feeling the happy crowd on the streets of Gananoque. Staff-Capt. Cooper headed the march with a beautiful

Three Colored Army Umbrella unfurled over his head, while Capt. Spooner and a King-size trumpet furnished the music. "The Lieut. carried an immense tuba, and the Odes had just a lovely

Old Banjo.

After a good march through the front streets, we divided into two companies for open air. Staff-Capt. Cooper took the lead of one and Capt. Spooner the other. We halted to form a circle for open air, and had just done so, when two policemen walked us off.

To the "Cooler."

We had a jolly time going there, singing.

"Roll Jordan roll."

Soon we found ourselves inside the "coo," and while Capt. Spooner played his cornet, Lieut. and I sang. Soon Staff-Capt. Bill came in too, and we had a grand time.

Some Knee Drill.

We were as happy as could be. After knee drill we surveyed our quarters. The front parlor had a nice spot for hot weather, but owing to its age I think it would be hardly any use in winter. There were two lovely

Solt plank Sofas

so decorated the furniture. The floor was decorated by a thick carpet of dirt, warranted to increase in thickness by the next week. The windows, no beds, no furniture, and no floor. It was also performed, but not by

Rose Water or Lavender.

A little straw that seemed to have served for a generation of tramps, was all that was in the hole, except a

Colony of Kats.

In a little while we were bailed out, and started for our barracks four in line, shagging.

"All hail to us saved."

Arrived there we received a hearty welcome, and with a shout of Hallelujah and voices of "Amen!" We could sing with all our hearts.

"Burst are our sons bare."

The hall was filled, and we had a glorious time. Now, during we were tested and found strong. I walking the streets and making an unusual noise, being our fire. We were dismayed with some. Look out for our next report.

Yours, etc.

John Swanson.

Are you member

Auxiliary

ie.

The enemy is taken, victory is won. Hallelujah! We shot and shot and shot. The gospel army's camp, all, for us to give up by the living. Live in fallen, is to be. We are but a group of rebels. We avenge the great wrongs of this fort, for the sake of the world. We are the Capt. Lewis, Cadets Bolton and

FIRING A SHOT.

MILTON.

On we start for Milton on Saturday morning, to present to General night's meeting. We intended to have time, as this place had been given to us.

Boggs Army.

and the people had become suspicious from indications of future warfare, but we saluted with our march, then sang and praised God every little while stopping to warn the people of the

Dangers of Hell.

and the blessing of living a Christian life. And the first and easy on Saturday night; everybody convinced that we were the

Real Salvation Army.

There was no disturbance, but every one listened with rapt attention. All had a

Grand Time

at Sunday morning knee drill; again at the Holiness meeting at 11 a.m., another grand march. Another one at 2:30 p.m., and our hall filled with eager listeners, of all desiring to be set right but afraid to let us have. Again in the evening our march was grand. While in the open air I sang.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,

While the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish

While the days are going by.

At our journey we come,

Out the good we may do,

While the days are going by."

A gentleman who had been a terrible drunkard, came up to our hall and asked me to sing it again. God will bless the power of song if we let Him. We are believing for a great gathering of souls here. Oh Lord! answer prayer speedily.

Staff-Capt. Maston, for A.D.C. EASTWOOD.

Lisgar Street.

Yas, the Salvation Army is marching along at Lisgar Street. You would think we were some mean mob, the other night, as the Juhles with 50 in line, (Richmond St. band, to the front,) and as we came back to the barracks we had a good time. Some grand experiences; best of all one dear sister came to Jesus. Hallelujah!

Friday night Hollies meeting, wonderful power. It was indeed glory in our hearts, all credit goes to God, who determined to win souls for Jesus this day.

Sunday, God was with us all day in convincing power. In the morning the Holy Spirit was searching our hearts and several came out for more courage to do the will of God.

The next night we had a meeting, God's word, as we pleased. The God is now, the world is so deeply corrupted by the other, we were sure something must give way, and Hallelujah! as we cried out, two precious souls came to the Saviour.

We were so rejoiced that we closed with a real Hallelujah wind up, and as we sang,

"I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood."

We were sure the angel's must have rejoiced with us. Glory to Jesus we have claimed four souls for the Kingdom this week.

Capt. Goodall, Lieut. Fisher.

Millbrook.

Bless God for the victory this past week. The people are beginning to gain confidence, and to see that the Salvation

We have

is real, and no sham. We marched out Saturday night in full force, with our new drum, while the street was lined with astonished looker's on. There are lots of good hearted Christian people here, who are beginning to take an interest. Saturday night

Two young ladies

who had laughed at us before, were so broken that they came right out and gave up all. Glorious times Sunday night, when two more went their way to Calvary. One said, "In the afternoon he had to go

to the tavern and get a glass of whisky

before he could come to the barracks, but he got caught in the trap, and went home rejoicing that his sins were forgiven. We are believing for a big smash.

Ob. 100, and it is Capt. Monroe, Lieut. Pearce, Cadet Bar-

et Swanson.

Are you member

Auxiliary

ie.

four prisoners

of King Jesus

shot and shot and

</div

ST. JOHN

N. B.

News from the Battlefield

Another Encounter with Satan.

A war is fiercely raging.

Between the wrong and right,
Between the powers of darkness,
And those of truth and light.

Hallelujah! the victory belongs to King Jesus for the great battles fought and won in this part of the battlefield. We have been having some glorious times so far at the feet of the King and front of the battle. The whole armor has been tried on, and right in the heat and din of the gospel guns have we found ourselves fighting side by side with those who a few weeks ago were living in open rebellion against the King of Kings, but thank God their eyes were opened, and as soon as they could see where they were, made a rush to the cross, when the shackles of sin and misery were broken, and they went free. Thank God the Salvation Army ever came here, is the expression of many a one in St. John, both saved and unsaved. One man tried (and I believe managed) to keep from swearing for one week, and thank God at the end of the week he came down to the cross, when God saved him, and no man need to try to keep from swearing for God keeps him.

Comrades, let God keep you; During the past week we have had such a rousing of souls for Salvation, but thank God we have had some real solid work done. Since my last report, two weeks ago somewhere like

60 souls have got gloriously Saved.

Last Monday night we had a visit from Capt. Degiers and Capt. Elliott. We went in for a big go; we announced a mardi at 7:15, but when we arrived at the barracks at that time we found it packed to the doors, and had to sit outside in the dark, with out any march. For nearly two hours this meeting went on at a tremendous pace, we hardly knew what to do with it. Testimonies powerful and telling, conviction stamped on every soul. Last night we had another mardi, when we sent up work to the platform to see if we could not close the meeting and hold a second as there were.

Hundreds outside waiting to get in.

We finished up and went into the second which lasted till about 11 o'clock, making nearly four hours solid work on the enemy. Such a meeting will be long remembered in this city. Hallelujah! we may say, "We have a summons to join the Salvation Army." But the people about here don't think so; they think it an honor to belong to such a

God Blessed People,

one of our favorite songs being "I'm right down glad I ever joined the Army."

God grant we may always have the Soldier's spirit. The work here is going along splendidly. Some of the hardest cases in St. John are being reached and converted, and I mean God-fearing and respectable citizens. The old converted also packed every night with a class of people who, I believe will yet make good Soldiers for the King. It is only a matter of a few days before we are borned into the ranks of God's people, and to see that God's spirit is going to keep them in trouble till they do yield. The victory is ours through the Blood.

Yours under the Blood and Fire Flag,

Capt. Capt. Monroe

Sussex, N.B.

Still our motto is victory. God has been blessing our labours this week. He has been giving us precious souls for our fire, for during the week 21 have professed their faith in Jesus, and are now borned of King Jesus. Sunday morning at our holiness meeting 89 came out for more power and sanctification and the Lord in the afternoon we had 48 out for a parole. Of course the Devil did not like it, but Hallelujah! Jesus did.

Martha Degiers, Bella Elliott.

Lindsay.

Sunday was a good day, good meetings, but did not get any one up till the night meeting, when three volunteers came to the mission. Then one more, two more, two more, that one, and two more. Still they came, till we had 11 at the feet of Jesus. Lots more in picke; this is the droppings of a great big shot. God send it to us. We closed the week with

14 souls in the fountain, 6 souls saved, and 1 backslidden returned home to God. Hallelujah!

Capt. Tom Scott, Lieut. Jack Gedfrey, Capt. Billy Martin.

Wiarton.

Sunday morning grand, four out for the blessing, and glory to Jesus. His soul souls to overcome us with His love. The Devil does his best to upset us, but he gets upset himself instead, and has to clear out.

Lt. Alice Albert, Cadet May Loney.

Praise the War Cry.

WATERFORD.

We are still going ahead here, and since our report come in we left Waterford, and the people who had been here, has returned to the hills. Praise the Lord! Good meetings all day Sunday, many testifying of the wonderful change since they gave themselves to the Lord. One Brother said he was quite ready to go to heaven, but the Devil said, "Oh! it makes our hearts rejoice to hear those who were once drunkards, swarers and Sabbath breakers, now witnessing to the power of Him who is mighty to save." Hallelujah!

Capt. Carey, Lieut. Richardson.

STROUD.

Soldiers roll-call was a time of giving up fully to God. Thursday night we tried the devil by judge and jury, nearly 60 witnesses put in appearance to give their evidence against the enemy of the Lord; some saying that devils their souls to the Devil to attempt to drag their souls down to hell. The Devil said, "I have had the victory time after time; some saying, where once they were the worst of drunkards, to-day they are represented by all who know them and, instead of being drunkards, they are here, drinking down damnation to the Devil, who are lifting up the voices in praise to God. After giving both sides a chance to speak, while only this for Christ could say a good word for their Master, we found the devils guilty of trying to bring us into hell, and the Devil was cast out into the bottomless pit, with the intention of damaging them through eternity. We resolved that we would keep forever him out of our hearts, and try in God's strength more than ever to point others away to Jesus, and show them their danger in being unconverted.

Capt. W. H. Cape, Lieut. Kelly.

Listowel.

We are still battering away at the enemy's camp. The Devil tries to get us to give up the fight. Last week he broke into our barracks and

Cut our drum heads to pieces, but the people came down nobly, and gave us enough money to

Get new heads.

Hallelujah! The Devil overthrew the camp. Although the fighting has been hard this past week, we can rejoice over one.

One soul captured.

It is better now before Hallelujah!

Capt. Moss, Cadets Golds and Mitchell.

Napanee.

Victory again. The Devil rigged up a siren and sent his servants to Napanee with it, on Monday. It would not do for us to be behind, so we got up a

Hallelujah Circus.

In the afternoon we had a march and meeting of

Forty-one Choruses,

sung on the Market Square. We drew a number of people to hear us; but night was the crowning time. We mustered at our barracks, and the Devil, with his army, came by a horse and cart covered with War Cross, quite a sight itself, but when the people saw the men and women who were following, dressed in red, yellow, and blue, it certainly was the greatest sight ever seen. Napanee, like us, was right out to the circus grounds, and held an open air near by.

The people crowded around us in such numbers that we were completely surrounded. We fired some red hot shots from our guns, and the Devil, with his army, for our barracks, followed by crowds of people hurrying after us, as though they thought we were crazy and it would not be wise to let us out of their sight. However, we got out, and the Devil, with his army, would not hold all the people.

We drew hundreds of people away from the Devil's trap, and saw one soul weep his way to Jesus and get free. Our meetings have been

Good all week; two souls.

One brother said, "that if we were the Devil he would not like to meet a Salvation Army. We give it to him right and let, Hallelujah!"

Capt. Dindale, Lieut. McDonald, Cadet Sears.

TO OUR POINTS.

We are very much in need of a good deacon, a good Shout Master, and War Master, and a good Secretary.

Yours from

Martha Degiers, Bella Elliott.

SONGS.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Original for the War Cry.

By Cadet Joyce, Guelph.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

When I was wandering far away,
On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

Cue.—Dose His name, etc.

Tune—"Not for Joe."

On the broad road of sin,
I heard the blessed Saviour say,
You must be born again,
Although my heart was hard and dark,
The spirit within.

I knew He died upon the Cross
To pardon all my sin.

